

# THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. II.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

NO. 15.

THE ENTERPRISE.  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,  
BY  
C. B. WOODWARD,  
At two Dollars a Year,  
Payable in Advance.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NO VARIATION FROM THESE PRICES.  
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W. B. STALEY, T. E. H. M'CROSKY,  
Kingston, Tenn. Madisonville, Tenn.  
**STALEY & M'CROSKY,**  
Attorneys and Solicitors,  
Madisonville, Tenn.  
WILL PRACTICE IN ROANE, MONROE, and  
the adjoining counties. Prompt attention  
given to the collection of all claims, and the  
prosecution of suits either in Circuit or Chancery  
Court. Dec. 2-13\*.

**ATKIN HOUSE,**  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,  
P. H. TOOMEY, PROP'R.  
SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.  
A new and elegant First Class Hotel, well fur-  
nished, and having every comfort and conveni-  
ence.

SUFFICIENT TIME FOR  
Passengers on the Train East & West to get  
Dinner. oct17

**Planters' Hotel,**  
TWENTY STEPS FROM THE RAILROAD,  
CLEVELAND, TENN.,  
A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.  
Tables furnished with the best of the Market Afford.  
R. K. MARSH, Prop'r.

H. C. SAWTELL, Late with G. L. Anderson & Co.  
J. A. PERKINSON, Late with Lloyd, Vaughan & Co.  
**SAWTELL & PERKINSON,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Opposite Dodd's Corner,  
Whitcomb Street, ATLANTA, GA

JOHN W. HOPE, F. MILLER,  
**HOPE & MILLER,**  
(Successors to Smith & Lyons.)  
Watchmakers and Jewelers  
DEALERS IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware,  
Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Spoons.  
GAY STREET, NEXT DOOR TO 1st National Bank.  
Knoxville, Tennessee.  
All work done by Experienced Workmen  
and Warranted. June 24-13\*

**R. M. Bearden,**  
WHOLESALE  
LIQUOR DEALER,  
AND  
Commission Merchant,  
GAY STREET  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Country Produce Bought and Sold on Com-  
mission. oct21-13

**LAMAR HOUSE,**  
Knoxville, Tennessee.  
J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.  
THIS House has been repainted and papered  
The Beds are Good. Business men will  
consult their own interests by bearing in mind  
that this house is located

IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,  
which gives them advantages that no other house  
affords. Omnibuses at the Depot.  
Terms for Knoxville guests as liberal as any  
other house. oct14-13

**NEDHAM**  
CHURCH, School and Parlor Organs and Melo-  
deons of every description, at reduced prices.  
Send for a copy of the last edition of the  
"Silver Tongue," which will be mailed free to  
any address upon application to the oldest man-  
ufacturers of Read Organs and Melodeons in  
America. E. P. NEDHAM & Son, 143, 145 &  
147 East 23d St., New York.

**S. BISSINGER,**  
MERCHANT TAYLOR,  
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
No. 98 Corner Gay and Clinch Sts.,  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS.

T. C. BROWN, Formerly of Mill Springs, Ky.  
**LAMB, BROWN & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants,  
Columbus, Georgia.  
HEAVY ADVANCES MADE ON LARGE  
Quantities of Produce. Consignments so-  
lited. dec9-3m\*

**SWEETWATER HOTEL.**  
[Known as the J. C. Vaughn House.]  
CHARLES H. BEAN, Prop'r.  
SITUATED IN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.  
NO PAINS WILL BE SPARED TO RENDER  
Guests comfortable in every respect.  
Baggage conveyed to and from the Depot, free  
of charge. Persons from this and surrounding  
counties can have their horses well cared for.  
Prices moderate. dec21

**NICHOLS & PARSLEY**  
ARE SELLING  
Groceries and Provisions,  
QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE,  
STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES,  
Dyestuffs, Factory Thread,  
Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.  
We design keeping a first-class Grocery and  
Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for  
whatever we buy in the Produce line. You will  
find us at the Post Office, "East Broad street,  
Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY.  
apr. 29-13

**H. L. FRY,**  
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND  
ALL KINDS OF  
**Family Groceries,**  
CONFECTIONERIES, &c  
ALSO,  
**Seth Thomas' Clocks.**  
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches,  
Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable  
terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
march 11, 1869H.

CALVIN M'CORKLE, JUDGE GEO. BROWN.  
**EAST TENNESSEE**  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT  
AND  
Mill Furnishing Depot.  
**MCCORKLE & BROWN,**  
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in  
AGRICULTURAL  
—AND—  
LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT  
FERTILIZERS, &c.,  
INCLUDING

**Mowers, Reapers,**  
Threshers, Separators,  
**Horse-Powers,**  
STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,  
Cider and Wine Mills.  
GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,  
**Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans**  
SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.  
Improved Steel and Cast Plows.

**CASTINGS.**  
DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS.  
**WASHING MACHINES.**  
ZERO REFRIGERATORS,  
ALSO,  
Garden and Farming Hardware.

We are Agents for the State for  
WHANN'S CELEBRATED  
Raw-Bone Super-Phosphate,  
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.  
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)  
To all of which we invite the Farmers of East  
Tennessee to come and Examine our  
**Sample Warehouse,**  
GAY STREET,  
Knoxville, Tennessee.

Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East  
Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.  
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles  
in our line which we endeavor to fill to the  
satisfaction of those patronizing us.  
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. April 13.

**Barrett & Caswell,**  
GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.  
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce  
Bonds, Stocks, &c.  
Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.  
Thos. G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.  
Theo. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.  
June 2-13.

## OUR WEEKLY STORY. IN DANGER.

The day died out in a gorgeous sunset,  
and the cold, clear light of the full moon,  
just lifting its round disc above the sea,  
fell in a perfect flood of molten silver over  
the waves. Gay loungers from the great  
hotel still lingered upon the shore. Here  
picturesque they looked, too, so  
here and there among the rocks.

A pretty picture Belle Burton made,  
her golden hair and delicate features re-  
lieved by the dark rock against which she  
leaned her dainty head; at last, so thought  
Stephen Leroy, who sat at her feet, gazing  
entranced into her fair face.

Near them stood two ladies, surround-  
ed by a galaxy of admirers. Mrs. Hall, a  
piquant little widow, her fresh, saucy face  
utterly belying the somberness of her airy  
black dress; and May Melton, a splendid  
brunette, with a magnificent figure, flash-  
ing dark eyes, and classic features. May  
was listening gracefully, and replying with  
ready wit to the lively chit-chat of her  
party; but evidently her heart was else-  
where, for every now and then her gaze  
wandered to the happy pair sitting in the  
shadow of the great rock, oblivious of all  
save each other. Her face darkened, and  
an angry flush rose to her cheeks as a rip-  
pling laugh from Belle or the half-audible  
murmur of her companion's voice reached her  
ear. May was jealous, and her pas-  
sionate heart beat wildly, as she stood thus  
tame, and saw her rival coolly taking  
possession of the heart which she so covet-  
ed.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Hall, pen-  
sively, "I think one looks rather different  
in the moonlight than in the broad glare  
of sunlight. Somehow it intensifies the  
spiritual expressions of the face, and traitor-  
ously exposes the hidden character of the  
soul."

"How sentimental!" exclaimed May.  
"Look at Miss Burton, now," pursued  
Mrs. Hall; "see how the clear light and  
dark shadows bring out the delicate out-  
lines of her features, intensify the intel-  
lectual expression of her brow, and show  
strength of will as well as tenderness in  
the curving lines of the mouth."

"Ah! did the struggle last a moment or  
an hour she never knew. But the good  
triumphed. She dashed wildly  
through the heaving waves, screaming for  
aid. Desperately she struggled to reach  
the drowning girl. Oh, heaven if she could  
be too late! And the waves, as they leaved  
around her, seemed to whisper, with  
cruel joy, 'Murder! murder! murder!'"

With frantic energy, she dashed through  
the waters, nearer, nearer. For the sec-  
ond time Belle's pallid face had sunk be-  
neath the dark billows; and yet huge  
waves rolled between them. But others  
had heard her wild cry for succor at last;  
and soon she saw the white face of Ste-  
phen Leroy, ghastly in its horror, as he  
swept past her vaguely. She saw the  
golden head of Belle dash momentarily on  
the cruel waves, and was dumbly conscious  
of an agonizing instant of dreadful sus-  
pense as Stephen, too, disappeared.

But, joy, joy! he reappeared; and, in  
his stalwart arms hung the delicate form  
of Belle Burton. They struck out for the  
shore; May felt her strength leaving her;  
her ears rang with the moan of the sea;  
but one thought paramount in her brain  
upheld her. She reached the shore, and,  
almost breathless in intense emotion, stag-  
gered toward the limp, lifeless form that  
Stephen Leroy had just laid upon the  
sands. One glance at the ghastly face,  
circled round by a thousand ringlets of  
golden hair, a horrified stare at the pallid,  
despairing face of Stephen Leroy, and she  
cried, wildly, "Murder! murder!" and  
sank, shuddering, on the sand.

Oh, the terrible anguish of a mind op-  
pressed and tortured by such remorse as  
May Melton felt! For the next three  
weeks she wandered in the tormenting  
phantasm of a delicious fever. She raved,  
and groaned, and wept; ever haunted by  
a suppliant voice that would not be  
hushed, and upbraided by a pair of sad,  
reproachful eyes that were ever present.  
Visions of Belle Burton, still and cold,  
would rise before her. Dead! and by her  
means! and although wrought to a frenzy  
of remorse, she could not turn her fasci-  
nating gaze from these dread chimeras of  
her imagination.

When reason once more returned to her,  
she found herself utterly weakened and  
helpless. For a few days everything was  
vague and uncertain. She could not re-  
member what had happened; every effort  
of the memory dazzled and bewildered her.  
But at last the fatal event of that dread-  
ful day became once more a factual real-  
ity. She battled with the flood-brood of  
anguish that surged within her until the  
little vitality which she had left seemed  
about to leave her. Oh, if she could only  
live that one brief moment over again!  
Vain wish! But hark! through the  
open window on the breath of the summer  
breeze floats a sweet voice. Oh, can it be!  
And, almost suffocated with the tumultu-  
ous throbbing of her heart, she listens.

"She is better, dear Stephen; and, oh!  
it would have been dreadful if she had  
died! She risked her life to save mine."  
"Yes, my darling, it was a fearful peril.  
Thank heaven that you are both saved!  
It was a noble effort May Melton made,  
heaven bless her!"

But to May the days were one long fe-  
ver of bitter anguish and sickening des-  
pair. She was possessed of a fiery, pas-  
sionate nature. The hot blood that coursed  
through her veins could not tamely  
submit to opposition, and her unrequited  
love burned in her bosom like a consum-  
ing fire. It was daily, hourly agony to her  
to see Belle basking in the full radiance  
of the love which she so hungered for;  
and as her ever watchful eyes detected the  
sweet telegraph of love between them—the  
stolen glances, the mute but eloquent  
pressure of the hand, the whispered caress—  
her love for Stephen grew more intense,  
and her hatred for Belle waxed more  
fierce and deadly.

The next day broke clear and cloudless;  
and early in the morning May and Belle  
went bathing. May was a bold swimmer,  
and dashed recklessly in the curling sea  
foam, and swam and floated about with the  
graceful abandon of a Nereid. Belle, with  
her long golden hair, confined in a net,  
looked none the less lovely; but the rough,  
tumbling waves filled her with terror; and  
although the embodiment of grace on shore,  
in the water she was awkward and ill at  
ease.

"Ah! if I could only swim like May,"  
she murmured. "Stephen says I could, if  
I only had the courage. I will conquer my  
foolish timidity!" and making a bold  
dash, she struck bravely out on the rash-  
ing waves.

But her impulsive courage was swiftly  
followed by a paralyzing fear, and she felt  
a creeping sensation of horror and inert-  
ness steal over her. A great wave came  
rolling toward her; and as the fierce foam  
dashed over her, she screamed wildly for  
help. May Melton heard the cry, and saw  
the white arms thrown up in mute appli-  
cation; she knew that by a few vigorous  
strokes she could save her; but the evil  
fiend that she had nourished in her heart  
for the past few weeks now tempted her  
with overwhelming power; her wicked  
love for Stephen Leroy rose up with ten-  
fold strength, and strangled the weak voice  
of conscience. Belle's lovely face, whose  
glamor had stolen from her the only love  
she had ever coveted, rose before her in  
all its pure beauty. "No—no; let her  
die!" was the cry of her heart.

Ah! did the struggle last a moment or  
an hour she never knew. But the good  
triumphed. She dashed wildly  
through the heaving waves, screaming for  
aid. Desperately she struggled to reach  
the drowning girl. Oh, heaven if she could  
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"She is better, dear Stephen; and, oh!  
it would have been dreadful if she had  
died! She risked her life to save mine."  
"Yes, my darling, it was a fearful peril.  
Thank heaven that you are both saved!  
It was a noble effort May Melton made,  
heaven bless her!"

May heard like one in a dream. She  
sank back upon her pillow, and grateful,  
heartfelt tears of thankfulness fell from  
her overflowing eyes.

Relieved from the incubus of her terri-  
ble remorse, May soon recovered. She  
came forth from the fires of affliction hum-  
bled and purified; she became the firm,  
true friend of Belle Burton, and her wild,  
passionate love for Stephen Leroy she  
thrust remorselessly out of her heart.  
None ever suspected that the frenzied  
words uttered in her illness were aught  
but the tortured imagination of a fevered  
mind; but they wrought their chastening  
influence on her heart, never to be effaced.

## Fun and Frolic.

Can girls who tell fortunes at night, by  
writing names on paper, be called slan-  
derers?—No.

What a difference it makes whether you  
put "Dr." before or after a man's name.

Editors ought to live cheap—they got  
"board" for nothing.

Josh Billings says codfish are better  
than umbrellas to keep you dry.

It is said—ironically, perhaps—that  
blacksmiths forge and steal every day.

A Norfolk paper says there is a man in  
Norwich so ugly, that with six frowns he  
can kill a bulldog.

"What is pride, my son?" "Walking  
with a cane when you ain't lame, replied  
the intelligent boy."

When is a lady like a warrior of the olden  
time? When she knows how to handle  
a cross-bow (cross-bow).

Extract from the last French novel:  
"The countess fell back in a deadly swoon.  
When she revived her spirit had fled."

"Did you know that I was here?" said the  
belle to the fire. "Oh yes, I always  
contrive to get wind to you," was the reply.

If a lady were threatened to be kissed  
by a gentleman, and she objected, what  
place near the coast of France might she  
name? Ushant.

A man in Wisconsin has invented a  
pocket-stove warmed by alcohol. We  
have seen one of them. It looks very much  
like a pint flask filled with brandy.

An old lady gazing with astonishment  
upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked  
the keeper, "What kind of a beast is  
that eating hay with its tail?"

A Western paper contains two additions  
to the English language. These are full  
of accounts of how a party "festivized"  
recently, and of a trip of a "culprits."

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges,  
in which condition it had been for some  
time, observed that when it had fallen and  
killed some one it would probably be  
hung.

A young gentleman, speaking of a young  
beautify yellow hair, called it pure gold.  
"It ought to be," quoth an old bachelor;  
"it looks like twenty-four carats."

At a highland hotel, the following un-  
ique bill was presented to a gentleman  
who had made a few hours' sojourn at the  
establishment: "For eating yourself and  
horse four and thrupence."

A boy who heard the quotation, "A  
little learning is a dangerous thing," wish-  
ed to stop going to school, because he was  
afraid he should not live long enough to  
get past the dangerous point.

A subscriber writes to an editor in the  
West: "I don't want your paper any longer."  
To which the editor replies, "I  
wouldn't make it any longer if you did it's  
present length suits me very well."

A newspaper contains an account of the  
production of a new play, and says the au-  
dience "sat spell-bound. There were only  
four persons present. One was deaf, and  
the other three were asleep."

A doctor's wife once attempted to move  
her husband to tears. "Ann," said he,  
"tears are useless. I have analyzed them.  
They contain a little phosphate of lime,  
some chlorate of sodium, and that's all."

"You say that the prisoner stabbed the  
deceased. Was it in the thorax, or in the  
abdomen?" "No, sir; it was in the street.  
I seed it with my own blessed eyes."  
"That will do. Call the next witness."

A judge recently stated, in behalf of a  
female witness whom a lawyer was cross-  
questioning as to her age, that a woman  
has a right to be of any age she pleased,  
because, if she stated her real age, nobody  
would believe her.

A good-natured traveller fell asleep in  
a train a short time ago, and was carried  
a few miles beyond his destination. "Pre-  
tend good joke this, isn't it?" said he to  
the fellow passenger. "Yes, a little too far-  
fetched," was the rejoinder.

Before temperance societies came into  
fashion, a person who had a very red face  
was one day rebuking his son for playing  
with gunpowder. "Gunpowder!" said he,  
"I will set my face against it." "Oh, fa-  
ther, do not for the world!" answered  
his son; "if you do, we shall all be blown  
up!"

## Luck May Lie in a Pin.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Now I am going to tell you a story about  
Luck. All of us are acquainted with  
Luck; there are those who see her all the  
time, some only at certain times of the  
year, others only one single day—yes,  
there are people who only see Luck once  
in their life time; but all of us do see her.

I suppose that I need not tell you that  
when our Lord sends a little child here,  
He lays it in its mother's lap; this may  
happen in a rich man's castle, or in a  
workman's nicely ordered room; but  
then it may happen instead in an open mar-  
ket place, where the cold wind blows.  
But what every one of you do know, and  
yet is really true, is, that our Lord, when  
He places a child here, also sends along  
with it good Luck, which, however, is never  
placed near by, but is hidden in some  
spot on our globe, where we look for it  
least; and it is always found at last, and  
that is a comfort.

Luck once was placed in an apple; that  
was for a man whose name was Newton.  
The apple fell, and thus found his Luck.  
If you do not know the story, ask some one  
to tell it to you. We have another story  
to tell—a story about a pear.

There once lived a poor man, who was  
born poor, and had grown up poor, and was  
poor when he married. He was a turner  
by trade, and used to turn umbrella rings,  
but he only earned enough money by this  
to live from hand to mouth.

"I shall never find my luck," said he.  
Now this is a true story, which really  
happened. I could tell the name of the  
country and the place where the man lived,  
but that is of no consequence. The real  
and sour mountain ash berries blossomed  
and ripened around his house and in his  
garden, as if they were the choicest fruit;  
and in the garden stood also a pear tree,  
but it never had borne a pear, yet there  
Luck was placed in an invisible pear.

One night the wind blew terribly. In  
Ayrice, men said the great Dillig boulder  
had been lifted from the side of the road,  
and thrown down like a lump of clay, and  
so it was not at all wonderful that a big  
branch should have been broken from the  
pear tree. The branch was taken into the  
workshop, and the man turned out of it,  
just for fun, a big pear, and another big  
pear, then a smaller pear, and then several  
very small pears.

"The tree shall bear pears once at least,"  
he said, and gave them to the children to  
play with.

There are some things that are neces-  
sary in life, and among these, most certainly  
in wet countries, are umbrellas. Now the  
whole family had only one for general use.  
When the wind blew very hard, the um-  
brella would turn over, and sometimes it  
would break; but the man quickly mended  
it again—that was his trade. With the  
button and string that kept the umbrella  
together, it went worse; would always  
break too soon, just as one was folding the  
umbrella up.

One day, when the button had broken  
again, and the man hunted in vain for it on  
the floor, he happened to get hold of one  
of the smallest pears, which he had turned,  
and had given to the children to play  
with.

"I cannot find the button," said the man,  
"but this little thing will answer." He  
pulled a small chord through it, and the  
little pear filled the place of the broken  
button beautifully; it was exactly right,  
and formed the best of fasteners. The  
next time he had to send handles and rings  
to the capital, he added to the number a  
few of the small wooden pears which he  
had turned. They were fastened to a few  
new umbrellas, which were sent with a  
thousand others to America. They have  
a quick understanding of what is of  
use. The little pear was found to hold  
best, and the umbrella merchant gave or-  
ders that all the umbrellas to be sent to  
him after that should be fastened with the  
little wooden pear. Large orders were to  
be supplied, thousands of pears to be made  
of wooden pears on all umbrellas; and our  
man was kept busy at work. He turned  
and turned; the whole pear tree was used  
for little wooden pears, which brought  
skillings that grew into dollars.

"In that pear tree my Luck was placed,"  
said the man; and soon after he had a great  
workshop, with plenty of women and boys  
to help him. Now he was all the time in  
good humor, and often used to say, "Luck  
may lie in a pin."

So also says he who tells the story, and  
you should know that it is true; and there  
is a proverb in Denmark, that if you put a  
white pin in your mouth you will be in-  
visible; but it must be the right sort of a pin—  
one given by our Lord. I have had one  
of them; and whenever I come to America,  
the land of the New World, which is so far  
off yet so near to me, I shall always carry  
that pin with me. I can send my greeting  
over in a few minutes; the ocean rolls over  
to its shores; there the wind blows; any day  
I can be there when my stories are read,  
and perhaps see the glittering gold receive  
the ringing gold—the gold that is best of  
all which shines in the eyes of children,  
and comes ringing from their lips, and the  
lips of their parents. I am in the very  
room with my friends—and yet I am in-  
visible. I have the white pin in my mouth.

Yes, Luck may lie in a pin.—*Riverside Magazine.*